



CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

a Good B O Y.

THERE was a good Boy who
went to the fair,
And the people rejoiced because
he came there;
They all gave him fairings, be-
cause he was good,
And let him have all the fine
things that he would.

AMELIA + PRIOR
BOOK + 169TH 3 +
HUMOURS

OF -
A FAIR
OR,

DESCRIPTION of the EARLY
AMUSEMENTS in LIFE.

Embellished with CUTS.

LONDON

Printed, & Sold by the Book-
sellers in Town and Country.

Price ONE PENNY.



THE
HUMOURS
OF
A FAIR.

*Which begins in a manner not at
all Wonderful.*

HALLOO Boys, halloo Boys,
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Come Tom, make haste, the Fair
is begun. Here is Joe Pudding,
with the Gridiron on his Back,
and all the Boys hallooing.

Make

Make haste, make haste; but don't get into the crowd; for little boys are often trod upon, and even crushed to death by mingling with the Mob. If you would be safe, by all means avoid a crowd. Look yonder, *Dick Wilson* there has done the very thing I cautioned you against. He has got into the middle of that great mob. A silly chit! that boy is always thrusting his nose into difficulties; surely there never was such an impertinent little monkey. How shall we get him out? See how the rogue scuffles and roars.

He



He deserves all the squeezeing he has because he will never take advice; and yet I am sorry for him. Who tapped me on the shoulder? Oh, *Sam*, what are you come puffing and blowing! Why you look as busy as a fool in a fair.

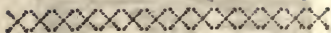
Well



Well what news do you bring from that region of nonsense? I have not seen it, and should be glad to know what is done, without the trouble of attending.

CHAP. II.

8 The HUMOURS of



C H A P. II.

Sam ; Gooseberry's *Account of the wonderful things in the Fair.*

WHY there is such a mobbing at the other side of the Fair, says Sam, as you never saw in your Life, and one fat fellow is got among them that has made me laugh immoderately.—Stand further, good folks, says he, what a mob is here ! Who raked all this filthy crowd together ? honest friend take away your elbow. What a beastly crew am I got among ? What a sinell ? Oh, and such squeezing. Why you over-grown floven, says a footman
that

that stood by, who makes half so much noise and crowding as you? reduce your own fat paunch to a reasonable compass, firrah, and there will be room enough for us all. Upon this the whole company set up a shout, and crowding round my friend tunbelly, left an opening, through which I made my escape, and have brought off Dick Wilton with me, who by being heartily squeezed, & having twelve of his ten toes trod off, is now cured of his impertinent curiosity. But you desire an account of the Fair, and I mean to gratify you. The first thing I saw which gave me pleasure, was old Gaffer Gingerbread's stall. See him, see him.

Here's

Here's gingerbread, gingerbread,
quite of the best,
Come buy all I have, and I'll give
you the rest.



The man of the World for gingerbread. What do you buy, what do you buy? says the old gentleman; please to buy a gingerbread wife, sir? here's a very delicate one.
Indeed

Indeed there is too much gold upon the nose; but that is no objection to those who drive Smithfield bargains, and marry their wives by weight. Will you please to have a gingerbread husband, madam? I assure you, you may have a worse; or a watch, madam? here are watches for belles, beaux, bucks, and blockheads. But here comes the Merry Andrew.



See there he is, with his Hunch at his back. The crowd that came with him obliged us to leave the place ; but just as we were going, Giles called out, gentlemen buy a house before you go. 'Tis better to buy than to build. You have heard of the cock that crowed in the morn, that waked the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with a crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This

This is the house that Jack built.



If there is any part you do not like you may eat it; and I sell it for a penny. Buy gentlemen, buy, and don't build. Many of my friends have ruined themselves by building. The insufferable folly of building a fine house, has obliged many a man to lie in the street. Observe what the poet says on this subject : The

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The Man who builds the finest
place,

And cannot for it pay,
Is sure to feel his wretched case,
While others in it lay.

A little further we saw one with
the Wheel of fortune before him,
playing with children for oranges.
See here he is



: What

What do you say? twenty may play as well as one. Ay, and all may lose, I suppose. Go away, firrah, what do you teach children to game? Gaming is a scandalous practice. The gamester, the liar, the thief, and the pick-pocket, are first cousins, and ought all to be turned out of company.

At this instant up came Dick Sudbury crying. Here he is:



And what do you think he cries for? Why he has been at the gaming-table, or, in other words, at the wheel of fortune, and lost all the money that was given him by his father and mother, and the fairings that he received from Mr. Long, Mr. Williams, and Mrs. Goodenough. At first he won an orange, put it in his pocket and was pleased; then he won a knife, whipt it up and was happy; after this he won many other things, till at last fortune turned against him, as at one time or other she always does against those that come to her wheel and seek her favours, and he was choused of all his money, and brought nothing away with him but a half-penny jew's harp.—

Why

Why do you bellow so, you Monkey? Go away, and learn more sense for the future.

Would you be wealthy, honest
Dick,
Ne'er seek success at fortune's
wheel;

For she does all her votaries
trick

And you'll her disappointments
feel.

For wealth, *in virtue* put your
trust,

Be *faithful, vigilant, and just.*

Never game, or if you do never
play for money. Avoid a game-
ster as you would a mad dog, or as
a wolf that comes to devour you.

Heyday! who comes here? Oh,
this is the Mountebank.

He

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He talks of curing ev'ry sore,
But makes you twice as many more.

But hear him ! hear his speech
and observe the Merry Andrew.



The DOCTOR'S Speech.

Gentlemen and ladies, I am the
doctor of all doctors, the great
doctor

doctor of doctors, who can doctor you all. I ease your pains gratis, cure you for nothing, and sell you my packets that you may never be sick again. [Enter Andrew blowing a scrubbing broom.]



Sirrah, where have you been this morning?

Andrew. Been, fir; why I have been

been on my travels, fir, with my knife, fir; I have travelled round this great apple. Beside this, I have travelled thro' the fair, fir, and bought all these gingerbread books at a man's stall, who sells learning by weight and measure, arithmetic by the grois, geometry by the square, and phyfic and philosophy by the poound. So I bought the philolophy, and left the phyfic for you, master.

Doct^r. Why, firrah, do you never take phyfic?

Andrew. Yes, master, sometimes.

Doct^r. What sort do you take?

Andrew. Any sort, no matter what; 'tis all one to me.

Doct^r. And how do you take it?

Andrew.

Andrew. Why I take it; I take it; and put it upon the shelf; and if I don't get well, I take it down again, and work it off with good strong ale. But you shall hear me read in my golden book, Master.

He that can dance with a bag
at his back,

Need swallow no phyfic, for
none he doth lack.

He who is healthy, and chear-
ful, and cool,

Yet squander's his money on
phyfic's, a fool.

Fool, master, fool, master, fool,
fool.

Doctor. Sirrah, you blockhead,
I'll break your head.

Andrew. What, for reading my
book, sir.

Doctor.

Doctor. No; for your impudence, puppy. But come, good people; throw up your handkerchiefs, you lose time by attending to that blundering booby and by-and-by you'll be in a hurry, and we shall not be able to serve you. Consider, gentlemen and ladies, in one of these packets is deposited a curious gold ring, which the purchaser, whoever he may happen to be, will have for a shilling, together with all the packet of medicines; and every other adventurer will have a packet for one shilling, which he may sell for ten times that sum.

Andrew. Master, master, I'll tell you how to get this ring, and
a

a great deal of money into the bargain.

Doctor. How, firrah?

Andrew. Why, buy up all of them yourself, and you will be sure of the ring, and have the packets to sell for ten shillings a piece.

Doctor. That's true; but you are covetous, firrah; you are covetous and want to get money.

Andrew. And master, I believe you don't want to get phyfic.

Doctor. Yes I do,

Andrew. Then 'tis to get rid of it. But

He that can dance with a bag at
his back,

Need swallow no phyfic for
none he doth lack.

Huzza

Huzza, halloo boys, halloo boys,
halloo !



Sam Sensible's *Account of what he
had seen in the Fair ; particularly
a Description of the Up-and-down,
and other Things.*

IT is strange ! but some children
will never take advice, and
always are running into dangers
and

and difficulties. That chit, Wat Wilful, has been riding upon the Up-and-down, and is fallen off, and almost killed. You know what I mean by the up-and-down? It is a horse in a box, a horse that flies in the Air, like that which the ancient poets rode on. But here it is.



And

And here is poor Wat, and his Mother lamenting over him.



If he had taken her advice all had been well; for as he was going to mount, Wat, says she, don't be so ambitious. Ambitious people generally tumble; and when once down, it is not easy to get up again. Remember what your poor father used to read about Cardinal Wolsey,
Farewel,

Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness! this is the state of man; to-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honours thick upon him: The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, and when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is ripening, nips his root, and then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, these many summers in a sea of glory: But far beyond my depth! my high-blown pride at length broke under me, and now has left me weary, and old with service, to the mercy of a rude stream that must forever hide me. Vain pomp and glory of the world!

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I hate ye, I feel my heart new
open'd.

But Wilful would, and so down
he tumbled, and lies here a warn-
ing to the obstinate and ambitious.
Had he taken his mother's advice
and rode upon the round-about, as
Dick Stamp and Will Somers did,
he might have whipped and spur-
ed for an hour without doing any
mischief, or receiving any hurt.
Bus he was a proud and obstinate
silly boy.





To a Good G I R L.

SO, pretty Miss *Prudence*, you're
 come to the fair ;
 And a very good girl they tell me
 you are.

Here, take this fine orange, this
 watch, and this knot,
 You're welcome, my dear, to all
 we have got.



To a Naughty GIRL.

SO, pert Mistress *Prate-apace*,
how came you here?

There is nobody wants to see you
at the fair.

Not an orange an apple, a cake,
or a nut,

Will any one give to so saucy a
flut.



To a Naughty B O Y.

THERE was a bad boy who
 went to the fair,
 And all the folks hiss'd because he
 came there.
 Not a thing could he get, of all he
 did lack.
 And they laid his own stick upon
 his own back.

